

tell an eloquent story of what a man thinks of an efficient body.

I saw a little shaver at my training quarters some time ago. He was puny and chicken-breasted—just as I had been at his age. But that boy was a comer.

When the other boys offered him a cigaret he pushed it aside in a superior way.

"Ritchie never smoked," I heard him say; "and I'm going to be like him."

"What, you!" jeered the others. "Listen to the shrimp, will you—



Willie Ritchie.

thinks he's going to be a fighter!" And they yelled their derision. I told that youngster that I, too, had a chicken breast and spindling legs at his age.

He had two things in his favor: He didn't smoke cigarets, and he didn't let the other boys, older and bigger ones, push him aside. He had a strong-will spirit, and that's what counts most. He didn't even flinch when they ridiculed him.

Smoking in my estimation is more injurious than drinking for boys. They start it earlier and the poison

sinks into their very bones. Later the "smart" kid starts drinking; when he thinks he has got to have men's weaknesses to be a man.

But it is only weakness which copies weakness. Boys who want to be top-notchers can't afford vices.

I have reached the top of my profession because I kept my body clean all the time, not periodically. It's the same in school, in business and the prize ring.

I am lightweight champion of the world because I kept my mind fresh, my body hard and my will protected from the habits which dethrone ambition.

Any boy who does that is bound to succeed, to make good at what he sets out to do.

This is my advice to the boy who works:

If you are in an office all day get up early and take a good walk before going to work. Of course you can't do that if you stay out late at night. Exercise before an open window for 10 or 15 minutes—anything that excites the muscles and makes good red blood. Breathe deep. Take tepid baths every morning and gradually change to cold water. They make you alert. Join a gymnasium if you can. And sleep with your windows open.

For the boy who attends school:

Nothing better than a long, brisk walk in the morning. Eight full hours of sleep in an airy room. Make it airy even if Dad has to take the roof off the house, for plenty of oxygen is absolutely indispensable to health and vigor. Not enough parents seem to realize that.

Just prior to my last big battle with Rivers I was in the open 24 hours of the day for six weeks; walked, ate and slept out in the fresh air. It is the greatest conditioner that I know of.

For all boys:

At the right age plenty of good, hard work in the open. The boy who shirks work is robbing his muscles